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# Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME XXIV.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1890.

NUMBER 6.

## Official Directory.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS:  
HON. WM. M. KINNEY, Tenth District,  
St. Louis, Mo.  
U. S. LAND OFFICE—J. C. NOELL,  
Register, Wm. B. Newman, Receiver,  
Ironton, Mo.  
JOHN L. THOMAS, Judge Twenty-Sixth  
Judicial, De Soto, Mo.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY.

**COURTS:**  
Circuit Court is held on the  
Fourth Monday in April and October.  
County Court convenes on the  
First Monday of March, June, September  
and December.  
Probate Court is held on the First  
Monday in February, May, August and No-  
vember.

**OFFICERS:**  
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Presiding Judge, Iron-  
ton Court.  
JOS. G. CLARKSON, County Judge, South-  
ern District.  
J. S. JOHNSON, Prosecuting Attorney.  
S. E. BURTON, Collector.  
W. A. FLETCHER, County Clerk.  
JOS. HUFF, Circuit Clerk.  
FRANZ DINGER, Probate Judge.  
JAS. H. CLARK, Treasurer.  
P. W. WHITWORTH, Sheriff.  
S. P. REYNOLDS, Assessor.  
W. N. GREGORY, Coroner.  
JAS. M. LOGAN, Public Adm'r, Bellevue.  
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Surveyor.  
A. P. VANCE, School Commissioner.

## CHURCHES:

**CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College**  
and Pilot Knob. L. C. WEINER, Rector.  
High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College  
every Sunday at 8 o'clock. Vespers and  
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4  
o'clock p. m. High Mass and Sermon and  
Benediction at Pilot Knob Catholic Church  
at 10:30 o'clock a. m. Sunday School for  
children at 1:30 o'clock p. m.  
M. E. CHURCH, Corner Reynolds and  
Mountain Streets, Isaac Bortz, Pastor. Res-  
idence: Ironton. Services every Sabbath  
at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School  
9:30 a. m. Class Meeting Sunday afternoon  
at 3 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Tuesday and  
Thursday evenings. All are invited.  
M. E. CHURCH, South Fork, H. Hill,  
Pastor. Preaching every Sunday,  
morning and evening. Prayer meeting ev-  
ery Wednesday evening. Sabbath School at  
9:30 a. m.

**BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,**  
near Knob street. F. S. Stouffer, Pastor.  
Residence: Ironton. Preaching on every  
Saturday before the first Sunday of each  
month at 2:30 p. m. and on the first and third  
Sundays at 11 a. m. Sunday School every  
Sunday at 9:30 a. m. and Prayer Meeting  
every Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m.  
**LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob.**  
Rev. Otto Paffke, Pastor.  
A. M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd  
and Washington streets, Ironton. A. AB-  
ANATHY, pastor.

## SOCIETIES:

**IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.,**  
meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main  
and Madison streets. AUGUST RIEKE, N. G.  
J. T. BALDWIN, W. M.  
**IRONTON EXCELSIOR, No. 29, I. O. O. F.,**  
meets on the first and third Thurs-  
day evenings of every month in Odd-Fel-  
lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.  
SIM BUCKMAN, C. P. FRANZ DINGER, Sec'y.  
**STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M.,**  
meets in Masonic Hall, corner  
Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of or  
preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M.  
C. R. PECK, Sec'y.  
**MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A. M.,**  
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and  
third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 p. m. R.  
SHEPHERD, M. E. H. P. FRANZ DINGER, Sec'y.  
**VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870, K. N. G. of H. O. R.,**  
meets in Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate  
Wednesday evening. H. N. BARRY,  
D. J. A. MARKHAM, Reporter.  
**EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored),** meets on the second  
Saturday of each month.

**IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R.,**  
meets the 2d and 4th Thursday  
Evenings of each month.  
A. R. ELLIOTT, P. C.  
C. R. PECK, Adj't.

**PILOT KNOB.**  
**PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O. U. W.,**  
meets every 2d and 4th Thursday  
evenings, 7:30 p. m., upstairs in Union  
Church.

**PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 155, I. O. O. F.,**  
meets every Tuesday evening at their  
hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.

**PILOT KNOB MINERS' RECREATION  
ASSOCIATION, No. SEARLE, President.**  
THRO. TONKINS, Secretary.

**IRON LODGE, No. 30, Sons of HE-  
RAM, meets on the second and last Sunday of  
each month. WM. C. FRANKS, President.**  
VAL. EPPINGER, Secretary.

**IRON MOUNTAIN.**  
**IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430, A. F. & A. M.,**  
meets on the first and third  
Sundays of each month. G. W. WOOD, W. M.  
J. B. GREEN, Secretary.

**IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 260, I. O. O. F.,**  
meets Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.  
PAT. CAGLIEN, N. G.

**J. A. PARKER, Sec'y.**  
**IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293, A. O. U. W.,**  
meets on the first and third  
Friday of each month.

**BELLEVUE.**  
**MOSAIC LODGE, No. 351, A. F. & A. M.,**  
meets on the first and third  
Sundays of each month. A. J. HARRALL, W. M.  
PHOEBE LODGE, No. 330, I. O. O. F.,  
meets every Saturday in Masonic Hall.

**FARMERS ALLIANCE MEETINGS.**  
Annapolis Alliance, No. 154, meets Satur-  
day, April 28th, 1888, and, after that, every  
second Saturday at 7:30 p. m.  
J. M. BROWN, Sec'y, Annapolis, Mo.

**Arcadia Valley Alliance, No. 104, meets on  
Saturday evenings before the 1st and 3d Sun-  
days of every month, at 7:30 p. m.**  
JOHN LOV, Sec'y, Ironton, Mo.

**EAGLE ALLIANCE, No. 152, meets on the  
1st and 3d Saturdays of each month. All  
neighbors are invited.**

**FRANCIS Alliance meets at Hogan on the  
2d and 4th Tuesday of each month at 8  
o'clock p. m. B. S. GREGORY, Sec'y.**

**MAIRIE CREEK ALLIANCE, No. 102, meets  
every month on Saturday evenings before  
the second Sunday at Logtown, and Satur-  
day evening before the fourth Sunday at the  
Red Schoolhouse on Marble Creek.**

**W. T. SUTTON, Sec'y, Ironton, Mo.**  
**ELM GROVE ALLIANCE, No. 119, meets  
every other Saturday evening at the Elm  
Grove schoolhouse, Bellevue, at 7 o'clock p. m.**  
J. W. LASHLEY, President.

**W. J. RUSSELL, Secretary.**  
**CEDAR GROVE ALLIANCE, No. 120, meets  
at the Cedar Grove schoolhouse in Bellevue,  
the second and fourth Saturday at 7 o'clock  
p. m. W. M. RUDOLPH, President.**

**P. M. G. HARTMAN, Secretary.**  
**GARNTVILLE ALLIANCE, No. 563, meets  
at Workmen's Hall, Garntville, on the 2d  
and 4th Saturdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.**  
CHAS. ORRICK, Sec'y.

**Carver Alliance, No. 561, meets on the 2d  
and 4th Saturdays of each month at 7 o'clock  
p. m. at the Bollinger schoolhouse.**  
J. C. HUFF, Sec'y.

## ARCADIA COLLEGE

—AND—

ACADEMY

—OF THE—

Ursuline Sisters

The system of education pursued in this institution is designed to develop the moral, intellectual and physical powers of the pupils; to make them refined, accomplished and useful members of society.

Pupils of all denominations are equally re-  
ceived—all interference with their convictions  
being carefully avoided.

—P. F. K. M. S.—

Board, Washing of Clothes, Tuition in En-  
glish, and all kinds of Useful and Orna-  
mental Needle Work, per session of Five  
Months, are \$50.00—payable in advance.  
Terms for instruction in Music, Foreign  
Language, Drawing and Painting can be  
had by applying as below.

Attached to the Convent, and totally sepa-  
rated from the boarding school, is a  
**SELECT DAY SCHOOL**  
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practical education are carefully imparted.

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Of the Convent of the Ursuline Sisters, Arcadia, Iron  
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**Flouring Mills!**

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Poplar Bluff, Ironton.

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Will Practice in all the Courts of the State.

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Hacks, Spring-Wagons, Single and  
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petent drivers; also, the best of Saddle  
Horses for Ladies and Gentlemen can be had  
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surpassed.

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I recommend it superior to any prescription  
known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,  
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption,  
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-  
gestion.  
Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Old Times.

Ed. Register.—As I sit at the door  
overlooking my corn fields, and see the  
plumage tassels waving in the morn-  
ing breeze, and smell the perfume of  
the tassels and silk, it gives me a feel-  
ing of gratitude to the Giver of all  
good, for having sent such delightful  
and refreshing rains upon what a few  
weeks ago seemed like crops perishing  
for want of rain. Now we have the  
promise of an abundant corn crop, and  
how many stop to think of the mag-  
nitude and importance of a good crop  
of corn—the loss or gain to a nation,  
according to the good or badness of the  
crop? There is no crop grown on the  
farm that can begin to take the place  
of corn, as a crop for food, or as an ar-  
ticle of commerce, and then there is no  
crop that can be used in so many ways,  
as an article of food. It is being pre-  
pared upon the time it is put in the  
ground until it has gone through all  
the varied stages of growth and gath-  
ered in the crib and finally consumed.

Who does not love a good ear of corn,  
roasted over a good bed of coals of fire  
—especially after a good night's sleep  
—the fire built against an old log,  
and the corn taken from the nearest  
field? And who does not love a good  
dish of succotash, made of corn cut  
from the cob, cooked with about one-  
third the quantity of good butter-beans  
shelled and cooked together—an In-  
dian dish. I have often thought the  
Indians, in the early times of this  
country's settlement by white men,  
must have had a grand, good old time  
at their annual corn feasts. How anx-  
ious they must have felt as they watch-  
ed the corn in all its stages of growth  
until the tassels and silk appeared, and  
how they watched the skies to see if  
the rains would come to bring out the  
grains on the cob. How vast a differ-  
ence a good shower of rain makes in  
the finishing up of the crop!—all the  
difference in the world.

Hominy! Do the readers know how  
hominy is made? And do you have  
any idea what vast quantities of corn  
are annually made into that article  
of food? In old times of this country  
the early settlers thought the table was  
not well furnished if there was no big  
bowl of hominy on the table, with a  
good bowl of honey or maple syrup to  
put on it.

Mush: ah, how it makes the ribs  
stick out to fill up with mush and milk,  
or mush and honey, or butter and  
molasses! When I was a boy I used  
to hear the neighbors laugh about my  
grandfather. They said he had a hard  
fall and broke two of his ribs. When  
the doctor came he ordered my grand-  
mother to make a big kettle of mush  
and feed him with mush and milk, and  
it cured him up.

Baked Indian pudding—oh, isn't it  
just one of the nicest dishes for a des-  
ert: so satisfying, so delicious, either  
hot or cold. Boiled English pudding,  
with suet, raisins, or currants, mixed  
all through the mess, all put in a good  
strong bag and boiled in the big pot,  
with corned beef and salt pork, until  
well done. When taken out of the bag  
on a large platter, and a good slice cut  
off the end, put in a plate with sweet-  
ened cream, and—go away!

Corn batter cakes. What is better  
at breakfast than a good pile of corn  
batter cakes, well browned, with a good  
bit of nice beefsteak cooked to a turn,  
with gravy to put on the cakes?

Corn pone, baked in our old Dutch  
oven, the pone cut in big wedges, with  
a good slice of bacon, ham and fried  
eggs, coffee—Oh, its enough to make  
one want to hug the cook! How com-  
fortable it makes us feel right under  
our jackets!

Dodgers! All covered with print of  
the delicate fingers that patted the  
dough into its proper shape. As we  
break off a piece as it is passed around  
the table, we contemplate those finger-  
marks and feel we would like to take  
those fingers in our grasp and look the  
owner in her eyes once more. Dodgers!  
They, with a good cup of milk, are  
food fit for angels to eat.

And with what interest we watch  
the corn, from the time the seed is put  
into the ground until it is fairly up;  
that the moles or the squirrels, or quails,  
do not pull it up. How we, with a  
good horse and cultivator, learn to  
watch the tender shoots as we pass  
each hill and turn the fresh earth to  
the tender corn, and as it grows and  
grows, with what interest we watch  
it each day, until it is in the full ear.  
And then the harvest! There was al-  
ways something in gathering a good  
field of corn that made me have a good  
feeling that no other kind of harvest  
gave me. Ah, there is so much to  
corn. It is food for men; it is food for  
all kinds of animals; it makes fat  
horses, fat hogs, fat beef, fat chickens  
and plenty of eggs. Yes; and as the  
wise men said, it makes our sides burst  
with fatness. How many, many days  
I have walked around our cornfields in  
roasting-ear, with my old Betsey, to  
kill the squirrels that were destroying  
the roasting-ears, and how many nights  
have I, with a good coon-dog, hunted  
the coons that would come in the fields  
of corn at night, with their whole fam-  
ilies. Sometimes I would find six or  
eight in a gang. I remember one year  
coons were very destructive on our  
corn. One pleasant evening, about  
sundown, I took my gun and went to

the field. In one part of the field were  
some old deadened trees. As I was  
walking, listening and watching for  
any coon sign, I heard a noise near one  
of those old trees that sounded like  
something had fallen. I went on a  
few steps, and heard another of those  
noises. I made my way along very  
carefully. Right ahead of me I saw a  
coon climb up the corn stalk to the ear  
of corn, and get on the ear, which,  
with the weight of the coon, would  
break the ear from the stalk, and they  
would fall to the ground together.  
Then the old coon would strip the  
husks off, and one of the young coons  
would come to eat the corn. Then the  
old mother would climb up another  
stalk, and so she would repeat the pro-  
cess, until all the coons were provided  
with supper. As I stood and watched  
the family eat their supper, I said to  
old Betsey, "I guess we will have some-  
thing to say about gathering this corn."  
So I brought down the old mother at  
the crack of my rifle. She rolled over  
dead; all the rest went up one of those  
dead trees as fast as they could go, and  
disappeared in a large hole in the body  
of the tree. I stood still and loaded  
my gun, for I knew in a few minutes  
some one of them would stick his head  
out to see what was up. I did not  
wait long before I saw one's head in  
the hole. I drew down on his head  
and put a bullet between his eyes. As  
he fell back inside of the hole, as the  
others came scrambling out as fast as  
they could, and got out on the limbs.  
I loaded and shot as fast as I could,  
and killed a coon every shot, until the  
last one. It had got so dark I could not  
see so well. At the crack of my rifle,  
you never heard such a squealing as  
that coon made. He would scream and  
creek and squeal, for I had hit his foot.  
The way he did go from limb to limb,  
holding that fore paw, and just like a  
human he would have held his hand.  
Then he would sit up and hold the  
wounded paw with the well one, and  
sway his body back and forward. It  
made me feel badly. I felt as though  
I had shot a human. I hurried and  
loaded my gun. The next shot I put  
the bullet through his head. How  
much animals are like humans; or,  
how much humans are like animals—  
which is it?

T. P. K.

A Trip Down the Mississippi.

LIVINGSTON, Mo., July 18, 1890.

Ed. Register.—Having been called  
away to look after the practice of the  
Park Coal and Coke Company, at the  
southern border of the state, it has  
been impossible for me to complete my  
little narrative until this, but will en-  
deavor now to complete my trip down  
the Father of Waters.

Since my last writing I have spent  
a couple of weeks in the heart of the  
grandest scenery on this Hemisphere,  
and at some future date, when time  
permits, I will give you a little sketch  
of my stay in that region.

But to resume my story. Our last  
point of mention was Dubuque, Iowa.  
Clinton and Albany were the next  
two towns of importance. We laid an  
hour at each place, giving us an op-  
portunity to get out and stretch our-  
selves and see the towns. Like all  
those passed, they were picturesque,  
lively towns. In Iowa no saloons  
were seen, but "original package"  
stands were quite numerous; however  
there were no persons seen lying  
around the places drunk, or lounging  
around drinking. Everything seemed  
to be neat and clean, and none of the  
foul odors which are so characteristic  
of the open saloons, were emitted from  
these places to the disgust of the pas-  
senger as is sometimes the case with  
the former. In both places numerous  
spires towered above the town, glisten-  
ing in the sunlight, pointing out to  
passer-by the places of sacred worship.

From these little towns we glide by  
numerous other towns, until, reaching  
Rock Island, we stopped six hours,  
arriving there at 4 p. m. We allowed  
no opportunity of sight-seeing to slip  
by without being well utilized. The  
street cars, motor railways and incline  
roads afforded us conveyance to the  
various points of interest. After dark  
came on, and, tiring of sight-seeing,  
we sought refuge in our floating  
hotel.

The next morning, on awaking, we  
found ourselves at New Boston, a liv-  
ely little village built on the western  
bluffs of the Mississippi. Around this  
place the scenery is grand, the river  
making a great bend to the east, with  
its bluffs of sandstone overhanging  
with ivy and ferns, while along the Illinois  
side the fertile prairies sloping down to  
the water's edge, with their broad  
fields of wheat and oats, and here and  
there a clump of oaks or hickories  
clothed in their new spring foliage  
making a picture to attract the atten-  
tion and gain the admiration of any  
person who has any love for Nature—  
especially so to anyone who has just  
emerged from the grand peaks and  
barren mountains of the Rockies, where  
no such feast of colors, save forests of  
pine and spruce and fir, fall on the  
retina of the admirer. At 5 o'clock we  
arrived at Burlington, (Saturday ev-  
ening), a beautiful, bustling city, show-  
ing life and business—its broad streets  
are thronged with people, going hither  
and thither. The city is built on a  
gradual rise, making a perfect-system

of drainage, and is noted for its pretty  
girls, of which a goodly number were  
to be seen in the business houses and  
on the street.

At midnight we once more, after  
taking a lot of freight, resumed our  
journey down the river, and at 7 o'clock  
Sunday morning found ourselves in  
Fort Madison, a romantic, picturesque  
city built on the rolling hills and bluffs  
skirting the river, stretching along its  
water some four miles. To the south-  
ern end of the city could be seen the  
railroad hospital: on the top of the  
high bluffs overlooking the river,  
nestled among the trees, standing out  
in bold relief against the blue ether of  
Heaven, it indeed looked beautiful. It  
was Sunday morning, and not a sound  
was to be heard to mar the sacredness  
of the day, only the warble of birds,  
and clear voices of church bells falling  
on the still, pure air. How sweet they  
sounded ringing out the welcome of  
another Holy day. At eleven we were  
at Montrose, and passed into the canal,  
which is twelve miles long, and quite  
a novelty to myself, having never ex-  
perienced or witnessed (since a small  
boy) the entrance and exit of the boats  
to canals. At noon we were at Keokuk,  
and made good our time in seeing  
all we could of the city. The after-  
noon was spent in sitting on the deck  
and admiring the scenery and towns,  
as we floated down the river. Quincy,  
Ill., was our last landing-place until  
we reached St. Louis. Having been  
informed of its beautiful scenery be-  
fore reaching there, and stopping at  
that point from 6 p. m. until almost  
midnight the captain and I took a  
drive out to 23d Street, by all of the  
principal parks, and fine residences;  
and, as to natural scenery, there is  
none more beautiful than in that city.  
Quincy is built on a large hill, and,  
from the river to the business portion  
of town, is quite a rise, and after reach-  
ing probably 150 feet above the river,  
it runs back on a level for miles, and  
probably emerges into the Illinois  
prairies.

At 7:30 we went to the First Presby-  
terian Church, which was crowded,  
and the attentiveness of the audience  
was quite marked. Thus we spent our  
last day and Sunday on the Mary  
Morton, arriving Monday Morning at  
10:30 in the dear old city of St. Louis.

With kind regards to each reader  
of the REGISTER, I am, as ever,  
X X X.

Resolutions of the Dykes Club.

DYKES, Tex., July 9.—Believing  
that the safety and continuation of  
that liberty and freedom bought by  
the blood and patriotism of our Revolu-  
tionary Fathers can be sustained  
and maintained only by a strict ad-  
herence to the pure principles of De-  
mocracy as taught by Jefferson, Jack-  
son and their patriotic compeers, be it  
resolved by this club:

First.—That we demand of the pres-  
ent Congress of the United States a  
full, free and fair discussion of all bills  
or measures affecting the public inter-  
est, that the merits of such measures  
may be brought before the people or  
their fallacies exposed.

Second.—That we heartily condemn  
the gag rule enacted in the House  
by Reed and his associates as tyrannical  
and unpatriotic and calculated to  
prevent the administration of the  
wholesome privileges guaranteed by  
the Federal Constitution.

Third.—That we denounce all class  
legislation as detrimental to the growth  
and prosperity of our whole country  
and contrary to the genius of republi-  
can institutions, and that the few at  
the expense of the masses, and calcu-  
lated to array one section of the coun-  
try against another, and if continued  
will lead to anarchy, bloodshed and  
dissolution of our Union.

Fourth.—That we are in favor of  
free and unlimited coinage of silver and  
the issuance of greenbacks in place of  
national bank currency in sufficient  
volume to transact the business of the  
country, and all money issued by au-  
thority of Congress be declared by  
that body to be equal with gold and  
a legal tender for all debts, public and  
private.

Fifth.—That we are in favor of tariff  
for revenue only in sufficient amount  
to defray the current expenses of the  
government economically administered.

Sixth.—That we detest the so-called  
Federal election bill as one of the most  
damnable outrages that the Republi-  
can party has ever attempted to dis-  
grace the American people with, and  
that we cannot commend language  
sufficient to praise our Democratic rep-  
resentatives in Congress for standing  
so firm in defence of American lib-  
erties.

Seventh.—That we also heartily in-  
dorse G. G. Vest for his efforts in the  
United States Senate in behalf of the  
agricultural and laboring classes of  
Missouri, and will vote for no one to  
represent our county who is opposed to  
his re-election.

I certify the above to be a true copy  
from our club's record.

J. W. WILSON, Secretary.

Nearly all the diseases in the Southern  
States are produced from malaria. Grove's  
Tasteless Chill Tonic removes all malarial  
poison from the system. It is as pleasant  
to taste as lemon syrup. 50c. To get the genu-  
ine ask for GROVE'S.

The Public are respectfully invited to call  
and see our different styles of Photographs  
and Prices. "Our Motto: Good Pictures,  
or no charge." Gallery, opposite Mrs.  
Lopez's. W. C. PERKINS,  
Ironton, Mo.

Go to Payton Martin's Livery Stable for  
Buggies, Hacks, and for accommodation  
for Picnic excursions. New rigs and good  
horses.

**Children Cry for  
Pitcher's Castoria.**

Notice of Letters.  
Notice is hereby given, that letters of ad-  
ministration, upon the estate of William  
Tow, late of Iron County, deceased, were  
granted to the undersigned, by the Judge  
of the Probate Court of Iron County, Mo.,  
bearing date the 5th day of August, 1890.

All persons having claims against said es-  
tate, are required to exhibit them for allowance to me  
within one year after the date